Per. My purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike
The inhoſpitable *Cleon*, but I am for other ſeruice firſt,
Toward *Epheſus* turne our blowne ſailes,
Eſtſoones Ile tell why, ſhall we refreſh vs ſir vpon your ſhore,
and giue you gold for ſuch prouiſion as our intents will neede.

Lyſ. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a ſhore,
I haue another ſleight.

Per. You ſhall preuaile, were it to woe my daughter, for it
ſeemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lyſ. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now our ſands are almoſt run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my laſt boone giue me,
For ſuch kindneſſe muſt releeue me:
That you aptly will ſuppoſe.
What pageantry, what feates, what ſhewes,
What Minſtrelſie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in *Metaline*,
To greete the King; ſo he thriued,
That he is promiſed to be wiued
To faire Marina, but in no wiſe,
Till he had done his ſacrafice,
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefeneſſe ſailes are fild,
And wiſhes fall out as thei'r wild.
At *Epheſus* the Temple ſee,
Our King and all his company,
That he can hither come ſo ſoone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Lyſimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and others.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iuſt command,
I here confeſſe wy ſelfe the King of *Tyre*.
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
faire *Thaiſa*, at ſea in child bed died ſhe, but brought foorth a
Maid

Maid childe called *Marina*, whom O
ſiluer liuery, ſhe at *Thaſus* was nurſt
teene yeares he ſought to murder; but
her to *Metaline*, gainſt whoſe ſhore rid
the maid aboord to vs where by her o
b-ance, ſhe made knowne her ſelfe my

Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, you a

Pe. What means the woman? ſhe

Cer. Sir if you haue told *Dianaes* Al

Per. Reuerend appearer, no, I thre
theſe very armes.

Cer. Vpon this Coaſt, I warrant you

Per. Tis moſt certaine.

Cer. Looke to the Lady; O ſhee's b
Earely in bluſtring morne, this Lady
ſhore. I opened the Coffin, found thes
her, and placed her heere in *Dianaes* Te

Per. May we ſee them?

Cer. Great ſir, they ſhall be brough
ther I inuite you, look, *Thaiſa* is recou

Thai. O let me looke if he be none
to my ſence bead no licencious eare, bu
O my Lord, are you not *Pericles*? like
you are: did you not name a tempeſt, a

Per. The voice of dead *Thaiſa*.

Thai. That *Thaiſa* am I, ſuppoſed dea

Per. Immortall *Dian*!

Thai. Now I know you better, whe
Pentapolis, the King my Father gaue yo

Per. This no more, you Gods, your
my paſt miſeries ſport, you ſhall do we
her lips I may melt, and no more be ſee
ſecond time within theſe armes.

Mar. My heart leaps to be gone int

Per. Looke who kneeles heere, fleſ
burden at the ſea, and call'd *Marina*, ſo

Thai. Bleſt, and mine owne.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22337) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.40)